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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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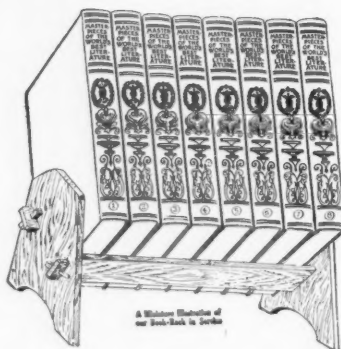
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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANCELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, February, 1917

No. 9

A DAY when war shall cease? Certainly. It's far more probable than it seemed once that slavery would meet its doom.

IF you are a lover of animals, John Galsworthy's "A Sheaf," is well worth your buying for its article on "The Treatment of Animals." He is a friend of all the weak, — human and sub-human.

IF it doesn't do the horse any good to have you say a kind word to him as you pass, it does you good. If the stray cat or dog is not better off for the kindness you tried to do him, you are better off just for trying to help him.

THE nations can have what they want. If they want a lasting peace, and will plan for it, they will get it. The day of the man proclaiming that since wars always have been they always will be, is passing.

SOMETHING went out from our Horses' Christmas Tree far better for the horses than the oats and apples and carrots they had from it. It was the spirit of kindness. But for that the trouble and expense would hardly have been worth while.

UNIVERSAL, hence compulsory, military training is being urged upon Congress. This means conscription, a thing, it seems to us, so wholly un-American, so out of harmony with democratic institutions, that one wonders what our professional soldiers will propose next.

MR. FORD has been promising for some time, if the newspapers are to be trusted, a cheap, yet effective, tractor to supplant the farm horse. He is quoted as admitting that such a tractor is still far in the future, since years, and, probably, millions of money will be necessary for perfecting it.

WE are not certain we quote it exactly, but this is as we remember it:—

Two men looked out through their prison bars:
The one saw mud, and the other stars.

It makes a world of difference, on whichever side of prison bars you may be, whether you look up or down.

WE read with genuine sorrow that the Red Cross has organized a great bull-fight in Spain to increase its funds. Cruelty to Animals as an exhibition to aid a noble charity!

YOU cannot blame people for loving beautiful furs any more than for loving beautiful paintings. But who would adorn his home with paintings if the having of them meant the torture and death of the painter?

AN English officer, a friend of many years, writes us: "I see copies of the Horse's Prayer wherever I go." A subscriber to *The Animals' Friend* writes that magazine: "The Horse's Prayer hangs in a very prominent place near the battle-field in France, and is read by every soldier who passes, especially by cavalry men."

ANIMALS AND HIGH COST OF LIVING

HOW many have thought that the high cost of living is affecting the animals of the country as well as the men and women? The price of grain and hay has reached a point where thousands of men will be compelled, either to sell their horses, cattle, swine, poultry, or try to pull them through the winter on greatly curtailed rations. In ordinary times thousands of animals suffer from lack of sufficient food; this year many will be kept on a starvation allowance.

The plea is often made against the humane societies that, in taking away the poor man's half-fed, broken down horse, they are taking away the support of his family. But why should we allow a man to violate an anti-cruelty law by using a suffering horse to earn a living, any more than for the same purpose to violate any other law? The man who cannot afford to give his horse proper food and shelter ought not to have a horse at all. He would better find another means of providing bread for his family.

Humane societies the land over should be particularly on the watch this coming winter to guard against the starving of animals. These patient creatures can write no letters to the newspapers, call no conventions, start no strikes. Unless the societies organized for their protection make them their special care, who is going to befriend them when they have fallen into the hands of merciless owners?

THE happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

MARCUS AURELIUS

THE WORLD'S COURT LEAGUE

HERE is a great cause that needs the enthusiastic support of every American. It establishes a common ground on which all who desire the permanent peace of the world can unite. It follows in the line of The Hague Conference. It is given an appealing power by the war now devastating Europe that no plea for peace ever had before.

Many have not been able to see their way clear to endorse the entire program of the League to Enforce Peace. The World's Court League goes side by side with this other organization in creating public opinion which shall secure, with the close of this war, an international Court of Justice for all justiciable questions not settled by negotiations; an International Council of Conciliation, and World Conferences meeting regularly to formulate and codify rules of international law.

The World's Court League at this point, instead of going further to the extent of advocating armed force as a last resort where any one of the signatory powers refuses to submit any question which arises to an international judicial tribunal or council of conciliation before threatening war, would trust to the power of the public sentiment of the world to refrain a nation from breaking faith with its sister nations. Men like Ex-Governor Baldwin of Connecticut feel confident that the outlawry that would immediately be put in force against a government violating its solemn contract with the society of nations would be as deterrent a force as any army or navy. What nation could endure the ostracism of the rest of the world, cut off from all economic, commercial, social fellowship, as it might well be should such be understood to be the penalty of dishonoring its word?

But whatever our attitude on this question, all men who hope and pray for the establishment of some sort of international agreement, convention, league, with a world court before which questions may be settled without the appeal to arms, can meet here, on the platform of the World's Court League, in entire accord. This movement, endorsed and supported by nearly all the leading men of the League to Enforce Peace, should be encouraged in every possible way. American men and women should talk about it, advocate it, enlist the interest of their friends in it, students in all our schools and colleges should be familiarized with it, ministers should lay it upon the hearts of their congregations, until it shall become universally understood and desired by the great mass of our people.



SCENE IN POST OFFICE SQUARE, BOSTON, AROUND THE HORSES' CHRISTMAS TREE

Christmas and the Horses

ONE of the most strikingly successful demonstrations of what "kindness to animals" means took place in Post Office Square, Boston, on the Saturday before Christmas. Mindful of the fact that there is little in the Christmastide that brings good cheer or happiness to the hearts of the horses and that on the contrary it is a season of special stress and strain and struggle for them, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through the courtesy of generous, horse-loving friends, invited the horses and their drivers to a Christmas Tree, where a substantial and appetizing dinner was provided free for every horse.

The tree stood upon the Angell Fountain to which so many of the city's work-horses are wont to turn their eyes or direct their steps for relief and refreshment. It was picturesquely decorated by employees of the Society with such articles, both practical and ornamental, as were appropriate to the occasion. Yellow carrots, rosy-hued apples, and ears of corn, suspended among the green branches, made a pleasing effect, while the usual Christmas tinsel and garlands with which the tree was festooned from top to bottom presented a wealth of brilliant coloring. Christmas bells swung with the wind and from half a hundred branches fluttered varicolored pennants bearing that best of all mottoes that the Society asks every horseman to make his own: "Be Kind to Animals."

Throughout the day thousands of spectators viewed the tree and expressed their enthusiastic approval of it. Photographers and moving picture experts were frequently on the scene and many a newspaper reporter took pleasure in writing up a Christmas celebration which was quite out of the ordinary.

At noon the equine guests began to arrive and from that time till after dark Post Office Square was filled with horses and drivers and

interested spectators. Throughout the afternoon agents of the Society were kept busy "putting up" dinners for the horses. Their Christmas gift consisted of four quarts of oats, a portion of apples and carrots, and one or two ears of corn. More than 1000 horses were fed. A hundred bushels of oats, fifty bushels of corn and the same quantity of carrots and apples were served ere the last horse reluctantly resumed his weary burden.

While the horses enjoyed their sumptuous meal their drivers were treated to hot coffee and, through the courtesy of a well-known lunch company, many were served with box luncheons.

The horses' Christmas will be remembered for many a day. Not only did it brighten the square where the horses came and participated and went away undeniably in better spirits and perhaps with a little firmer step; it impressed the mind and in scores of instances melted the heart of the busy passer-by or the lingering observer to the larger truth that that Christmas is best which regardeth the life of the horse, without whose strength and willingness the festival itself would lose much that goes to make it possible.

Such an observance was largely experimental; it was made as an object-lesson in kindness to animals; it was humane education. The tree itself and the program carried out, we feel, were a complete success.

Said a friend, standing near the tree, in expressing his gratitude at the sight of so many horses feeding in comfort,—an intimate friend of Geo. T. Angell, founder of the Society: "I am familiar with all parts of this country, being a traveling man for many years, but nowhere in the whole United States would one be so likely to witness a scene like this as here in Boston."

W.M.M.

HORSE RUNS AWAY TO TREE

AN incident which grew out of the Boston Christmas tree for horses was thus written up in the *Evening Record* of that city the day after Christmas:—

Who owns Dobbin?

In his stall in a cold stable, old Dobbin, a beautiful dapple gray horse, dreamed all Christmas and Sunday of Santa Claus. On Saturday he had been given his first Christmas treat and he couldn't forget it.

To Post Office Square his driver had taken him Saturday afternoon and from a big, big Christmas tree he plucked sugar, corn,—well, everything a horse's taste desired. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. had played Santa Claus to the horses.

So Dobbin dreamed!

This morning a policeman saw the beautiful gray horse trotting slowly in Post Office Square. He wore no harness, only a halter which kept him fastened in his stall. Down to where the Christmas tree had stood the horse romped, here and there scooping up a berry or stray piece of sugar from the street.

"Here, Dobbin!" the policeman called, but the wise old horse trotted away. The policeman was wiser, though. Picking up a piece of sugar, he held it so the horse might see it. Then old Dobbin threw back his ears and with a loud whinny came to the policeman.

Now wise Dobbin is at Station 2, awaiting his owner.

NORA had asked for a letter of recommendation, which the circumstances of her leaving, and the quality of her work made it very awkward for the manager to write. Eventually, after much fruitless scribbling, and waste of paper, he produced this:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us for a week, and we are satisfied."

THE OLD-FASHIONED HORSE

THE old-fashioned horse was no wonder for speed,

He hadn't the rate of a minute per mile,
But, if you'll remember, the bills for his feed,
Were only a tenth of the gasoline style.
He wasn't as fleet as a motor machine,
His record for distance was shorter, of course;
But cleaning a car gives no pleasure as keen
As smoothing the coat of the old-fashioned horse.

The old-fashioned horse, he was skittish at times,
But skittish and skiddish are words far apart.
This new turning turtle was none of his crimes,
He stayed right side up, just the same as his cart.

His driver was never the lord of the road,
But simply obeyed all the statutes in force.
So, seeing the scorcher's contemptuous mode,
What wonder I sigh for the old-fashioned horse?

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

HORSE SHOEING IN WINTER

ONE of the best recommendations at this season for the owner or driver of a horse is the ease with which the animal keeps its feet on the pavements, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The period of slippery streets is upon us, a period of more real suffering and injury to horses than any other of the twelve months.

Self-interest, if no other motive, should be sufficient to impel everyone responsible for the handling of horses used in street traffic to see that the animal is sharply shod and kept in that condition all winter. For no one can get the full value in service from a horse which must struggle for its footing at every step.

But motives higher than selfishness should be sufficient to protect horses from the danger and discomfort of having to travel slippery streets in worn-out shoes. This is an age of humane endeavor in many directions. Charity that begins at home should not overlook the patient steed hitched to carriage or dray.

Give your horses shoes that will enable them to keep their feet. Load more lightly than usual in slippery weather. Give your animals a square deal.

WHY THE TAIL?

IN reply to a question, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has this to say in the December *Guide to Nature*:—

It would take eleven large volumes to discuss the functions of a quadruped's tail. It is commonly believed that the original ancestor of quadrupeds was aquatic and used its tail for a sculling oar; but since then it has taken countless different additional forms,—in the giraffe and the elephant as a fly-flapper; in the South American monkeys as a fifth hand; in the alligator as a flail; in the skunk as a warning to enemies, the same in the rattlesnake; in the flying squirrel as a helm for volplaning; in the gray squirrel as a parachute to break a dangerous fall; in the whitetail deer as a signal to the young ones; in the porcupines as a dangerous weapon of offense; in the fox as a muffler for the feet in cold weather. In the cat its service is not very obvious, but it seems to be used as a directive mark when signaling one of its kind from behind; this is achieved partly by the color pattern and partly by the nervous twist of the tip. These are only a few of the uses which occur to me and each illustrates another development of the tail. I would add that in the beaver it is used as a plunging paddle in diving, as well as a signal sounder.

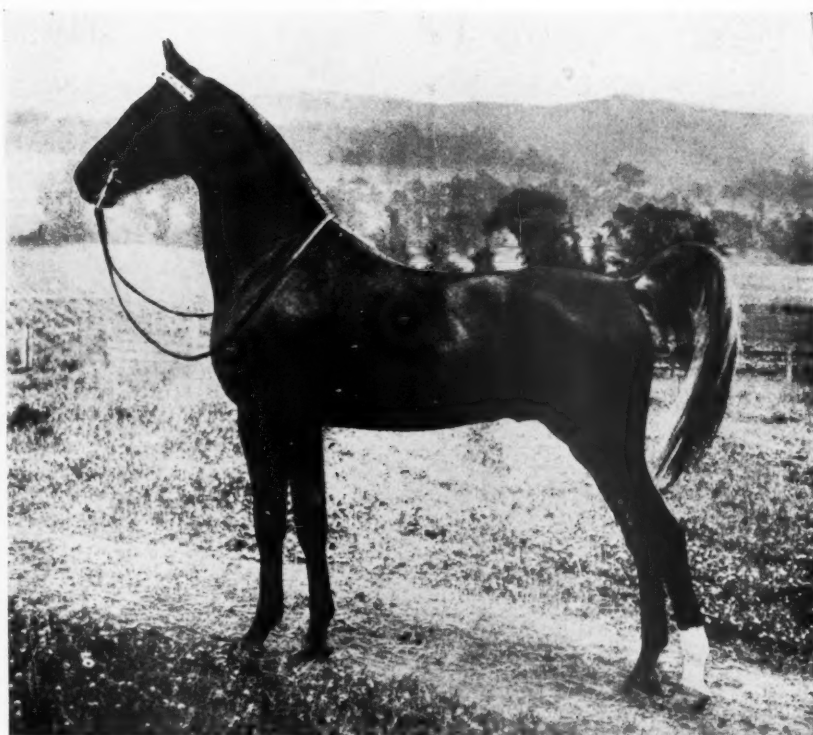


Photo by George Ford Morris

KING'S RIVAL

Five-gaited stallion, owned by Mr. G. S. Parsons, Rutland, Vermont

Courtesy of Rider and Driver

THE GOLDEN RULE

BE kind to the horse. Don't berate him because he does something which should not have been done. Perhaps he had the right motive, but in his dumb way was unable to express it. Perhaps he wanted to help you, possibly he meant no evil, though outwardly he seemed perverse and stubborn. Give him credit for at least trying to be good, for there are few horses which are naturally bad.

Many persons take it for granted that when a horse does wrong he intended to do so, and they therefore punish him for it. Now this action only aggravates the matter, and if continued will result in an incorrigible animal, made so solely from mistreatment by his master. This explains why some horses are bad.

The best policy is to be kind to the horse. Remember that he is a dumb animal. Don't expect as much understanding from him as you expect of men. Remember that of all the animals which aid men, the horse is the most useful. Give him credit for that. Don't punish him for all the wrongs he does, for possibly they are not so intended. Try to put yourself in his place, and don't forget that he is a slave.

Be kind to him, and see for yourself if your work does not proceed more smoothly than ever before. Follow the Golden Rule and treat your horse as you would wish him to treat you if your positions were reversed. Investigate for once and you will never say again that kindness doesn't pay.

DID you hear that Jiggs was killed while traveling in Kentucky?"

"No. How was he killed?"

"In a feud."

"And I always told him not to ride in those cheap cars."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

GRATITUDE

BY DAWLEY PALMER

THE great surgeon left the hospital one bitterly cold day and drove away. A most difficult operation performed that morning had saved a life,—a very valuable life,—but not a word of gratitude has he received from anyone.

"That's all in the game, I suppose," he reflected as he turned his car into a busy street. "I must be content with success alone. People take for granted that all a doctor likes to get is his pay. No matter, I'm always willing to help."

A frightened horse, dragging two wheels of a broken cart, ran past. A few moments later the surgeon's car sped in pursuit. On the seat beside the neatly-clad doctor now sat, peering anxiously ahead, a coarse, grimy teamster in leather coat and dingy cap. Since the auto could not increase its speed on the busy street, the race was run for thirty blocks with the heavy draft-horse still in the lead, but finally a motorcycle policeman headed him off.

Probably no one saw the hand-grasp of two men as they parted,—the kind, skilful surgeon who had willingly driven thirty blocks in pursuit of the horse, and the smiling, grateful teamster. And both were great? To be sure, for the humble cart-driver, with no thought of his own comfort, stripped off the heavy leather coat and flung it over the steaming, panting animal, then tenderly patted its shaggy neck.

"It is, indeed, satisfying to receive gratitude," thought the doctor, remembering the hearty, sincere handshake. Still smiling thankfully after the departing auto, the coatless man shivered in the bitter cold, but seemed not to care, since he, in turn, understood the meaning of the caress of a rough nose upon his shoulder.



MUGGINS—THE DOG WITH A MOTOR CAR

BY CARROLL VAN COURT

PERHAPS your dog has a fancy kennel, but I doubt if he has a real automobile all his own. "Muggins," a dog owned by a Los Angeles man, is probably the only dog in the world that owns a real auto. His master made an automobile out of odds and ends of metal; molded the tires out of real rubber; put head lights, tail lights, and a search light on it, which light up from a battery on the large car; made a motor and engine of clock springs and wheels, which works like a big engine; attached a bumper, a double-piece windshield, and put a glass plate in the hood, through which you can see the tiny engine work. The car has a fan and real cylinders, foot brake, gear shifts, and a steering wheel.

Muggins has a sweater coat for chilly weather and a raincoat with goggles of isinglass for wet weather. When his master presses the button to start the little motor, Muggins jumps into his seat, and sits at attention with his front feet up, begging for a ride. When his master starts the car, Muggins sits down ready for a speed run. He enjoys riding in his private car, for recently he rode eighty miles, and never whimpered or even tried to get out of his seat, until they called him. He seems perfectly contented to ride all day.

The car is about two and a half feet long, and just narrow enough to keep the dog from falling out. It is quite a novelty in the way of a mechanical piece of work, for it is more than a toy.



IN THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

A sick patient that made rapid recovery

In Defense of Puss

By M. ELLA CHAFFEY

THERE is an unjust crusade going on against cats. They are accused of unspeakable things; and yet their friends who know that these accusations are false, do not lift up their voices to protest. I have read scores of articles lately, heaping abuse on poor puss, and I have yet to come across a word written in her defense.

Let me speak for her.

The cat is accused of being *dirty*—the animal which of all others has stood for generations as a synonym for fastidiousness and daintiness. No one really acquainted with cats could believe such a statement. The trouble is that the people who write these articles appear to entertain such an aversion to the species that I am convinced they never get to be so much as on speaking terms with one of them.

After drinking her saucer of milk or eating her dinner of scraps, what does puss invariably do? She washes herself thoroughly—cleverly and systematically.

"But the cat hates water," her traducers say, "isn't that proof enough that she is dirty?" If puss shuns water it is because she is clean, not dirty. She knows, if we don't, that wet paws and wet fur collect dirt more readily than if they are dry and so she avoids them. We don't souse a polished table with soap and water to clean it, and that would be just as sensible as putting the ordinary sleek-coated pussy into a bath for the same purpose.

Just lately I read that the family cat not only could not be kept clean, but that she had a predilection for "nosing round in dirt and filth." I know from careful observation that if puss ever does such a thing, it goes against her every instinct. Watch her eat. She picks up each morsel daintily and disposes of it slowly and with the least possible mess. She wants clean, wholesome food, too. Nothing but starvation ever drives her to the garbage tin. Alas! starvation drives human beings to the same receptacle.

It must be admitted that if puss is banished to the coal-bin she finds the struggle to keep her fur spotless, or even decent-looking, so hopeless that she generally gives up in despair and settles into chronic dinginess. But a cat never willingly passes her time in the coal-bin or in any other dirty place. She likes sunshine and comfort too well for that. So don't blame the basement cat for her dusty coat; she would gladly live with the family if she were allowed.

The most serious accusation brought against the cat is of being a carrier of disease and a source of contagion. Yet cats are notoriously healthy animals,—witness their reputed nine lives. But even if healthy themselves, we are told, cats hunt rats and rats carry disease. To which the obvious reply can be made that if cats kill the carriers of disease they deserve our thanks for their good service. As a matter of fact the only disease traceable to rats that I have heard of is the bubonic plague, which is now in abeyance. Investigators of infantile paralysis have, after careful experimenting, failed to connect the cat with that disease and have made a public announcement to that effect. So we need not teach our children to shun pussy on this account.

Speaking of children brings me to my strongest point in making a plea for cats along with other domestic animals. Children who are not encouraged, or even allowed to have pets lose half the pleasure and a good part of the profit of childhood. I heartily pity the child who has

no pets to play with; he has missed part of his birthright and starts life handicapped.

The affections, like muscles, grow with exercise and the more a child loves his pets, the more affection will he be capable of bestowing on his friends and family. Furthermore, the care of pets is one of the best means of teaching unselfishness, consideration for others, general discipline and a becoming modesty.

A large order, you say?

Yet it requires self-sacrifice on the part of the child to feed a dog or cat at stated times—just when he wants to do something else,—as he always does. But whether he does it willingly or under compulsion, he learns the important lesson of *giving up*. In practising kindness towards the domestic animals, instead of teasing or tormenting them, he is taught consideration for the feelings of others,—and proper ideas of discipline are acquired in the same way. There are good manners for the cat—and likewise for the child. Lastly, the child who has been accustomed to see animals treated as if they too had rights, will not be liable to the egregious error of thinking himself of such importance that he can ride over the needs and pleasures of all lesser things with impunity. In a word the care of pets instills in the child a sense of moral responsibility towards those dependent on him that is likely to stick to him through life.

And then there is the fun of having pets!

From the time Baby strokes pussy's fur, because "her coat is so warm,"—the cat is a well-beloved, amiable and patient playfellow. She lends herself to romping and to quiet cuddling.

Children with the best intentions sometimes lack judgment, however. I once found a tabby kitten completely dressed in the doll's best clothes, neatly packed into a tea-caddy, with the lid on. My small daughter, four years old, had put her there, for no reason that I could discover except that the box was exactly the right size, and was empty. Then she ran out to play and forgot all about kitty, whose fate would have been tragic if I had not come along to rescue her. Which goes to show that pets like people often need protection from their best friends, and that children should be taught to avoid all such treatment of pets as could cause them suffering.

I wish I had space to tell about some of the cats I have known, just to prove that they are capable of much affection and intelligence, and are not mere cupboard lovers, as their enemies assert, but that must be another story.

They have their drawbacks, to be sure, the chief one being an incurable tendency to produce families.

Happily there is always chloroform in such emergencies,—a merciful gate of exit from an unfriendly world for all superfluous kittens and sick cats. A really sick cat seldom gets well and should be put out of her misery. And as for kittens, if they are not sure of finding good homes, how much more humane it is to despatch them painlessly and at once! To let them grow to swell the army of homeless cats, to live starving, hunted lives, is nothing less than a crime.

Are people to be excused because they offend through indolence and carelessness rather than through deliberate cruelty? I think not.

Those who leave the house cat at home during the summer while the family goes away on a holiday, without making provision for it; and

those who when moving deliberately allow their cat to stay behind should be reported to the S.P.C.A. What if a cat *can* pick up a living anywhere? Cats reduced to such straits degenerate into outcasts and pariahs, lose all their natural feline graces, and through no fault of theirs become the menace to health that writers who have a spite against the species would have us believe all cats to be.

Let us put the blame for the existence of such animals where it belongs. *Cherchez l'homme.*

PIGS, instead of being ready to eat anything, are among the most fastidious animals. Out of 575 plants, the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; sheep, out of 528 plants, eat 387 and refuse 141; cows, out of 494 plants, eat 276 and refuse 218; horses, out of 474 plants, eat 262 and refuse 212, while pigs, out of 242 plants, eat only seventy-one and refuse 171.

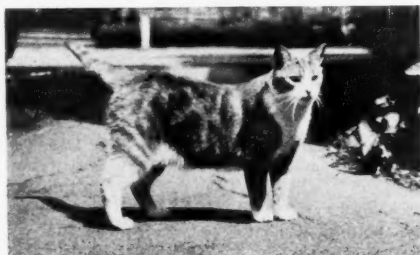
GIVING names to animals is the first instinctive confession that they are not 'things.' What sensible man ever called his table 'Carlo,' or his inkpot 'Trilby.'"

The Contessa MARTINENGO-CESARESCO

AN INTELLIGENT CAT

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

I HAVE read your magazine for many years and have been a contributor for a long time to the work of the Society. I read with especial pleasure your stories of various animals and have thought you might be interested in a brief account of a cat which lived with us for some ten years, or until he went to the "happy hunting ground" of all good cats.



I enclose a picture which was taken by our kodak and which is a very good resemblance. The cat was of an orange-yellow and white and weighed about fifteen pounds at the time the picture was taken. He was very good-natured, bright, and intelligent, and bore the name of Tommy Tucker.

The cat when very young thought out for himself one problem at least in our house. We have two flights of stairs; one, from the front hall to the chambers on the second floor, and one, the back stairs, into the kitchen. He learned while still quite young that if the door at the foot of the back stairs was shut he could go around through the rooms above, which had no doors, only draperies, and come down the front stairs. Accordingly, at times when we wished for a little amusement, his mistress would prepare his dinner for him but, before allowing him to touch it, would put him on the back stairs and shut the door. He would run up the back stairs, through the back hall and through some of the rooms there, and come down the front hall and stairs and through the front room into the kitchen like a streak of lightning. It was always a source of amusement to our visitors to see him do it.

HARRY J. COLE

Haverhill, Massachusetts



"Prince," Who Collects \$100 Monthly

IN Victoria, British Columbia, there is a very successful collector for the Blue Cross fund for horses disabled in war. His name is "Prince," and he is the beautiful Newfoundland here pictured. For months, with his box, decorated with the Blue Cross, strapped to his collar, Prince has served his King and country as faithfully and as true as any subject of George V, by petitioning alms for the horses wounded and suffering in the great war. And he has done this not alone for horses, but dogs as well, for the Blue Cross, besides establishing veterinary hospitals in France and supplying clothing and comforts for horses at the front, also takes care of the sick and wounded Red Cross dogs, those noble animals that have proved themselves so invaluable in the terrible conflict.

At the outbreak of the war Prince's master was called to the front, leaving behind his dog, who was trained to "do his bit" and who soon developed a marvelous ability in collecting money. His favorite location was among the many well-to-do patrons of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, where he gained many admirers and willing helpers. By the courtesy of the management and on account of his docile ways he

was allowed to attend the Saturday afternoon dances held there, always coming away with some handsome contribution to the Blue Cross fund.

On the occasion of the farewell visit to Victoria of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, Prince was presented to them, enjoying the unique privilege of receiving direct from them a very handsome donation, accompanied by many kind expressions of their approval. Princess Patricia graciously accepted the dog as a present when the Royal party left the city, but it was her wish, however, that Prince should for the present remain in the custody of his late master to carry on the good work in which he is employed. The dog's popularity may be judged by the fact that he has been averaging \$100 in collections, monthly, a result unrivaled, possibly, by any other dog collector working for a single cause.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Any kind reader wishing to help Prince in his noble work may send his contribution to Lieut. C. G. Guy, H. M. C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C., who has charge of the dog.

SIGHT RESTORED BY A CAT

A REMARKABLE case of restoration of sight due to shock has occurred at Torquay, England. Rifleman Charles Appleby, of the Royal Irish Rifles, was severely wounded at Ypres, gassed, blinded, and buried under sandbags for fifteen hours. He was in hospital for months, and had to have two silver plates in his skull.

He was sitting at dinner recently in a boarding-house to which he had been invited, when a cat sprang on to the top of his head, causing him to drop a glass on to a plate.

When the cat had been removed he surprised the company by saying, "What a lovely Persian cat!" and it was discovered that he had regained the sight of his left eye. Rifleman Appleby has accepted the cat as a present.

TENDERFOOT—How can you get down off an elephant?

Lightweight—You can't. You have to get it off a goose.
—Boys' Life

THE RESPONSIVE DOG

MANY people have no idea of keeping a dog except to serve them—a canine caretaker, in fact; and the unfortunate animal is left on a galling chain from one week's end to another, says a contributor to *Collie Folio*. What wonder that he becomes savage and uncompanionable? This dog's owner is almost as much to be pitied, for he loses the real pleasure of the dog's companionship. Few animals are more responsive to their environment than our canine friends. Treat them well, and they repay with interest any trouble that may have been expended on their behalf. Make their lives dull and uninteresting, and they will become morose and sullen, and their faculties will remain in an undeveloped stage. The watch-dog pure and simple is more often than not to be pitied. Serving his master day and night, he is fed on the scantiest fare; his drinking-pan is rarely cleansed; and he is voted too uncertain in temper to be at large. No wonder his spirit soon becomes broken.

MY DOG

WHEN my dog looks at yer friendly outer
mellin' pretly eyes,
An' he wags his tail an' tries ter lick yer hand,
Then I don't care wot you look like an' I don't
care wot yer been,
Yer good enough fer me — yer understand?

Sometimes a human bein' judges by yer fancy coal,
An' if yer gloves an' shoes is new an' whole;
But a dog, when he looks at yer, doesn't notice
little things;
A dog — a dog he judges by yer soul!

When my dog looks at yer friendly like he wants
to see yer smile,
An' jumps upon yer, lovin', when yer call;
I'd like yer if yer was alone without a home or
friend,
A burglar, tramp or — anything at all.

Sometimes a human bein' likes yer surface —
polished up —
Yer talk or table manners plays their part;
But a dog, when he looks at yer, goes beneath the
top veneer;
A dog — a dog he judges by yer heart.

— Christian Herald

GOOD DOG — GOOD MASTER

SHOW me your dog and I will tell you what you are," says a well-known French writer. The dog is the mirror of his master. He reflects his nature, characteristics, disposition. How much depends upon his "bringing up" is well told by Mr. H. T. Morgan in *The Shepherd's Journal* from whose excellent article the following extracts are taken:—

"For the dog, all his life long, there is but one hero — his master. Perhaps the dog ministers to the man's vanity, perhaps to his paternal instinct: but to every man his dog is a good dog, and to every good dog his master is the only man in the world worthy of love and trust. The dog without a master is in a sorrowful state; the dog with many masters is little better off.

"Unlike other domestic animals, a dog, once he has made up his mind that you are worthy of his trust and affection, bestows it with complete abandon — and you've got to do something pretty mean to that dog before his confidence in you is destroyed. I believe that a sort of instinctive love for a puppy is born into every boy, and the boy that is unkind to his dog may well be regarded as being a bit 'out of balance.'

"There is a place on every stock farm for a collie or sheep-dog. In England and Scotland the collie has as much dignity attached to his place upon the farm as does the horse or the cow. Indeed, he has a far more intimate place in the affection of his master than any other domestic animal. In America, however, he does not, as a rule, receive the attention he rightly deserves. The strongest instinct of a collie is to belong to someone; his greatest desire is to repay kindness by faithful service. He can be of the utmost service only if properly handled at the critical period of his life, and this period is from three to nine months.

"It is well to remember that the collie is extremely sensitive. He will perform an almost unlimited amount of work most cheerfully in payment for kind treatment. Under harsh treatment he is likely to degenerate into a worthless cur."

Cats should be kept in the house at night.



"Odein," a Dog of Bohemia

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

MY beautiful collie, "Odein," wishes to be introduced among your illustrations of nice dogs. He comes to you from a very distant land, the country of Bohemia, where live also good friends of your cause of protection of animals.

It is my duty to thank you for your kindness that you send me your papers during the war, the sending being now so difficult. Please

mention in *Our Dumb Animals* that "The Horse's Prayer" and also "Beautiful Joe" have been translated into the Czech language by me, and that at Prague there has existed already for many years a Society for the Protection of Animals.

With many respects, yours truly,

PAULA MOUDRÁ

Neweklou, Bohemia, Europe

SOME ONE POISONED MY DOG

ROY A. MOULTON in *Des Moines Register and Leader*

IN the wee small hours of morning I heard a pitiful whine on my front porch. I went down to investigate. I found lying there a few feet from the door my little innocent pup.

His eyes were already glassy and he was crying like a baby. He could barely raise his head, his agony was beyond description, he seemed to know his time had come, for he looked up into my eyes as though he wanted to tell me something before he passed away. Finally he made me understand. He said to me, "This is a strange world after all. I've tried my best; I have not intentionally harmed a soul. I have been jolly and helped amuse the children by romping with them and we were such good pals, and I most regret that their little hearts will break when they awake in the morning and find me gone.

"But my life has not been lived in vain, for in my dying I reveal to my master that there lives in this neighborhood a person so low down and vile in character that he would poison a dog.

"He called me to him, — I thought he was my friend, — then fed me poison.

"Tell my little pals I hated to leave before the morning. I would have liked so much to have had one more good romp.

"Tell them for me to beware of this man, for any one so degenerate that he would poison a dog would not hesitate to take the life of a child."

Then he breathed his last, — a martyr, — revealing once more the depravity of some human beings.

Be sure to place a dish of fresh water where your dog or cat can easily reach it. Dogs and cats often suffer for lack of it.

THE DOG'S CREED

BY LILLA B. N. WESTON

I BELIEVE in him, the most wonderful man in the world, master of this house and of me, who pays for my dog license.

And in her, his wife: gentle of voice, quiet of step, soft of touch; who feeds me, caresses me, keeps me clean, gives me difficult doses when I am sick, delivers me from the enemy, picks burrs from my tail; who understands me, appreciates me, communes with me; who sees that there is always water in my basin, and who covers me carefully at night; who searches out cool places for me in the heat of summer, and snug shelters against the chill of winter.

I believe in those who believe in me; who do not shake baskets or sacks or sticks at me, or make as though to kick me; in those who walk naturally, neither rushing nor crouching down; in those who do not gather their skirts and screech, "Oh, that horrid dog!"; in those who do not often indulge in piano-playing, nor ever in violin-scrapping.

But chiefly do I believe in those who drop a friendly hand on my shoulder, patting absently; in those who sit stitching patiently with a fine needle and white thread, and who croon a little song; also in those small, joyous persons who romp in the fields and wade in the brooks and roll in the meadows. AMEN.

HAPPIER AND BETTER

THERE are many mysteries in this world of ours which we cannot understand, but one thing seems certain, namely, that every kind act we do and every kind word we speak tends to make our own lives happier and better, and we wish this could be taught in all our Bands of Mercy and permanently fixed in the mind of every boy and girl not only in America but the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL

THE MAN WORTH KNOWING

THERE are many pleasant people

Whom one would like to know:

Editors and barbers

And men who shovel snow;

There are laymen, there are draymen,

But the ones I like to meet

Are the men who pat the horses

When they pass them on the street.

It's jolly, on the Avenue,

To bow and raise your hat

To someone so distinguished

That your comrade says, "Who's that?"

But the man I really honor

When the stinging north wind blows

Is the one who always stops to stroke

Some horse's frozen nose.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in *Life*

AN EFFECTIVE HINT

BY F. S. MORGAN

MY old horse objected to going back into his stable after being let out into the yard for water, and force was used for several times to compel his return.

One day his patience seemed to have been exhausted and he entirely refused to enter the stable door, but stood at halter length with his eyes fixed on me and occasionally giving his neck and whole body a little shake as horses will when getting up from a roll. I still insisted on his coming in and was using the halter strap as a means of compulsion when he took the front of my frock between his teeth and stood stock-still, giving his body a shaking and with his eyes fixed directly on my face. A sudden light came to me and I slipped off his halter and told him to go if he wanted to. That horse released his hold on my loose frock and in a moment was rolling around on the dry straw in the yard, where I left him and went about other chores.

Later a loud call was heard at the stable door and there was boy "Jim" ready and waiting to enter his stall. He had begged and teased for the chance to roll in a voice I had not understood and had taken the only way he could to get what he wished.

WORTH IMITATING

IN the *Daily Home News* of New Brunswick, New Jersey, we find on the page devoted to classified advertising, under the general heading of "Business Notices," the following:—

TO HORSE OWNERS.—Don't fail to keep your horses shod sharp when the streets are slippery.—PAUL WILLIAMS, S. P. C. A. Agent. Phone 709.

Mr. Williams advises us that he took the phrase from *Our Dumb Animals*. We suggest that officers and agents of humane societies in other towns place similar advertisements in their newspapers.

PRISON PETS

This article, written by "Sing Sing No. 65368," is taken from the *Star of Hope*, which is published by the inmates of Sing Sing prison.

THERE is an old aphorism that "misery loves company."

Perhaps this saying explains why there are, in most prisons of the land, collections of pets that range all the way from a dormouse that comes, perhaps, to keep some lonely prisoner company in the solitude, all the way up to the work-horse that winds "slowly o'er the lea," or through the great gate at the close of a long day's work.

Here in Sing Sing there are any number of pets, a fact which reflects the human longings



SCENE ON WEST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

This photo was taken on August 31, 1916. There is not a motor truck in it.

Courtesy of *Harness*

and the heart which is in every man. A little saunter around the yard of this great prison by the Hudson reveals the facts that one must be careful or he will stumble over the pride of some inmate's heart, or trip over the toes of a pet dog or goat, and then there follows an apology or the "fight" starts.

The pride of Sing Sing, perhaps, is a goat called "Dolly" who is intelligent enough to have worked its way to the front office and the outer yard—a desire that has not been gained by many inmates. Dolly is closely followed in the affections of the inmates by "Bob," a work-horse at the coal-dock, who will take a load of coal to the yard without his guide, turn, and then back into the correct position, wait and then go back to the coal-barge without guidance.

One of the inmates of Sing Sing is the proud owner of one of the finest pigeon-cotes in the State, and this collection of pigeons was gleaned in a predatory manner by a "flyer" who lured the others into the prison until there were a score of birds to share the cote with the flyer.

Cats are a cherished possession with which the inmates share their meals, and one Italian prisoner has a pair of rabbits of which much is expected in the line of progeny as the months go on.

No man is wholly bad who can love a pet in a sordid, gray prison, and the spectacle of a "lifer" bathing and washing a little dog or cat and sharing his meals with the pet is one to move a heart of stone.

Outside the walls of Sing Sing, in a little piggery, are perhaps the strangest pets of all, for there are three small pigs mansioned by the keeper of the piggery—they are bathed and scrubbed every day—and these pigs have the entire run of the outer institution with Dolly, the goat, with whom they fraternize.

The love of pets, which all prisoners share, is best exemplified by the story of a prisoner who, upon being released from Sing Sing, went to New York and there, seeing an Italian selling canary birds, bought the entire push-cart load and released them, for he had learned the price-less lesson that "liberty is a wonderful thing and a thing to grant to all of God's creatures."

"THE VANISHING HORSE"

THIS picture of a scene on West Street, New York City—a scene which could be duplicated in all large cities—hardly sustains the popular notion that the horse is a vanishing quantity. In this throng of vehicles crowded at these transportation terminals there is not a single motor truck. Once more let us remind the public that 83 per cent. of the transportation of the United States is done by horses, less than 2 per cent. by motor truck. We hope the day will come when the great bulk of heavy trucking will be done by machines, and not by horses with their capacity for suffering and their liability to cruel usage. Until then they call for our protection and care.

KINDNESS IN ENGLAND

NEAR Marble Arch, London, a large black worsted glove shot up in front of the driver of a depressed horse which was doing its best to pull a baker's cart. As that glove was Authority, containing as it did the hand of a policeman, the driver stopped.

Without a superfluous word the policeman began to unharness the pathetic, ill-shaped animal. Three of us were looking on—I, a cynical little boy, and a young Belgian captain in khaki.

The Belgian looked more and more puzzled as the proceedings went on. He couldn't understand why the policeman went on unstrapping, with the driver standing as docile and silent as the horse; and when the Law had inspected the scraggy, moth-eaten frame with the thoroughness of a veterinarian, the Belgian asked: "Why is he"—(struggling for the word)—"undressing . . . the horse?" I explained what would happen if the Law found the horse unfit for its job.

"He is," said the Belgian, "as careful as if it were a child. I think the English people are the kindest people in the world."

Vacation homes for horses have not yet become common, but what living creature needs and deserves vacation rest amid his life of labor more than that faithful toiler, the horse?

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, February, 1917

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 800 words in length.

THE HORSES' CHRISTMAS TREE

THE Saturday afternoon before Christmas, while Post Office Square was crowded with horses, wagons, teamsters, and the hundreds who came to look at the tree and see the horses eat their Christmas dinner of oats, corn, apples, and carrots, a gentleman, evidently a stranger in the city, wedging his way in toward the fountain, said to us: "What is the idea?" We replied, "A little something for the horses, but a great deal more for the thousands of human beings who see it and will hear about it. The horses doubtless do not know what it means, but its educational and moral value is very great. It is the spirit of kindness that this object-lesson is teaching,—that is the significant thing about it. Everyone here who is helping is enlarging his own kindness, and multitudes are having their attention called to the claims of even animal life for kind and generous treatment." "I see," he said; and with a face kindling with a gracious smile not to be forgotten, he moved away.

It was interesting to watch the crowd. Even while the tree was being trimmed teamsters passing, having read what the tree was for, looked over toward those at work, bowed and took off their hats. Boys, by the score, gathered, asking questions, and quickly caught the meaning, and seemed as pleased as if the tree had been for them.

Who can tell the kindly impulses quickened by that tree in many a human heart? Who can know the friendly taps of teamsters on their horses' necks that night as they put them up, saying, "Well, old fellow, they remembered us, didn't they? You had your treat, and we had our coffee. I'm going to be kinder to you than ever before."

Unless beneath what might be seen as only sentiment, we recognize this deeper meaning of the Horses' Christmas Tree, it may well seem an idle and profitless thing to have done. Our heartiest thanks to the generous friend who, with a few of his associates, made it possible.

MANY less pheasants appear to have been shot this year in Massachusetts, during the open season, than last. They are growing more and more afraid of their human friends (?). Protected by law till they became, in many cases, almost like domestic fowl, a few years' hunting has taught them to shun the treacherous hunter. We know one man who tramped three days with gun and dog and never saw a pheasant.

BOY DRIVERS

AMONG the most serious evils to which thousands of delivery horses are subjected is the boy driver. To save the few dollars additional it would cost to employ a competent teamster many a grocer, butcher and provision dealer engages one or more young lads to deliver his goods. To the majority of these boys a horse is a creature, if not without feeling, at least with no capacity for suffering his driver need consider. The faster he can be made to go, the quicker to start and stop, the better the boy is pleased. Then, to invite on to the wagon one or more of his own age to whom the privilege is given to ply the whip, to jerk the reins, to saw at the mouth with the bit, and in general to worry and nag and torment the unfortunate horse—this is another of the average boy driver's pastimes. Why does not the owner see that, besides the suffering his horse is caused by such treatment, he is losing more money in the wearing out of his four-footed servant than he is saving by employing a cheap driver?

What can you do, reader? Stop trading with any man or company that employs such drivers. Not only are such men unworthy of your patronage, but as a rule, being inhuman, they are probably not to be trusted as honorable in their business.

ANTHONY CRAWFORD

LAST month we called attention to the lynching of Anthony Crawford in South Carolina. The deed was particularly brazen and open in its defiance of public opinion North and South. We are glad to state that nine men have been arrested for this brutal murder and bound over to the Superior Court. The *Charleston Evening Post* says:—

It is a cause of deep satisfaction that somebody has been called to account for a violation of the laws of the land, for a challenge of civilization and the resort to mob violence for redress of wrongs for which the majesty of the commonwealth alone should be invoked, and for a blood-guiltiness which is shaking the very foundations of our society and heaping up evil for future generations.

EDITORIAL COURTESY

IT is said that the return of a manuscript to its author may imperil the life of the Chinese editor and that only by the invariable use of the most gracious, courteous and apologetic language can he expect to avert the awful wrath of the contributor whose manuscript is declined, and save his own editorial head from swift decapitation. The following letter from a Celestial editor, accompanying the return of a manuscript, surely denotes tactfulness and a realization of the direful consequences if the recipient took offense thereat:

"Most honored brother of the sun and the moon: Your slave is prostrate at your feet! I kiss the ground before you, and implore you to authorize me to speak and live. Your manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us, and we have read it with enchantment. I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back. If I allowed myself to print this treasure, the president would immediately order me to use it forever as an example, and forbid me to dare to print anything inferior. My literary experience enables me to declare that such literary pearls are only created once in ten thousand years, and this is why I take the liberty of returning it to you."

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES TO THE BOY SCOUTS

THE American Humane Education Society offers three prizes, one of fifty dollars, one of thirty, and one of twenty, to the Boy Scouts of the country for the three best essays on the subject, "Our Animals—Their Sufferings—What we Owe Them—How we May Help Them."

All essays in competition for the prizes, which should contain not over fifteen hundred words, should be mailed so as to reach the Society's offices, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., by May 1, 1917. Helpful and suggestive literature will be sent, upon application, to those desiring to compete.

P.S. Will not the officers of the Boy Scouts, the Scout Masters, and the periodicals published in the interests of the movement call the attention of the Scouts to this offer and encourage their interest in it?

BUSINESS AND SENTIMENT

THE Producers Oil Company, one of the largest corporations of its kind in the world, evidently has a real soul, in spite of the familiar affirmation that corporations have none. This great business enterprise has established what it calls "Our Poor-Farm." Two hundred acres of rich, well-watered pasture land, provided with proper care and stabling, are maintained for the horses grown old in the service of the company. It was a far-away Greek poet who wrote:—

"Alkon's ox is worn and old,
It has gained him grain and gold;
Must it to the shambles go?
'Nay,' says Alkon, 'never so.
Long he helped me at the plough,
I'll be grateful to him now—
His declining days shall pass
Knee deep in the pleasant grass.'"

ANIMAL AUCTIONS

WE heartily endorse the following appeal from *The Animals' Friend* to charitable organizations to refrain from holding auction sales of pet animals in aid of their funds, on the grounds that the animals suffer distress at being separated from their homes, and that no guarantee can be obtained from the purchasers that they will be well treated.

LE CUIR (says *Hide and Leather*) is authority for the statement that the Germans in the invaded territory of Belgium and Northern France are levying a tax on dogs. This tax amounts to thirty marks per head. Whosoever is not willing to pay this tax is compelled to deliver his dog to the military authorities, whereupon it is killed. The skins are transported to the German glove factories, while from the grease, oil is made for motor cars. In the region of Lille several cars full of dogskins have been seen on their way to Germany. — *Harness*

ON rainy days, and also on other occasions which are not unconnected with the postman's visits, we find the whole of a truth in this from the *Thomasville* (Ga.) *Times*:—

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be standing up.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
THOMAS NELSON PERKINS
Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100

NOTICE:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

Chief Agent
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL THEODORE W. PEARSON
HARRY L. ALLEN WALTER B. POPE
HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON
L. WILLARD WALKER CHARLES H. MORSE
(THOS. LANGLAN)
FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. } Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. }
JOSEPH G. M. DE VITA, V.M.D. }

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	2818
Number of prosecutions.....	21
Number of convictions.....	19
Horses taken from work.....	168
Horses humanely destroyed.....	177
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	186
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	20,661
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed.....	80

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$7507.90 from the Leland Fairbanks Estate, and \$500 from Abigail W. Howe of Cambridge. It has received gifts of \$100 each from Mrs. E. R. T. for horse stall "in memory of Ezra R. Thayer," Mrs. A. de C., Mrs. M. T. R., and A. R. H.; \$50 each from Miss H. R. H., Mrs. D. B. K. and J. F. M.; \$35 each from Mrs. J. H. S., and M. T. for dog kennel "in memory of Mrs. Augusta C. Thorn"; \$25 each from H. D. W., G. W. T. and Mrs. L. D. M., and \$16 from Mrs. J. De F. D.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of R. Arthur Leeds and Edith Whittemore, both of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$204.40 from a Rhode Island friend; \$100 from A. R. H.; \$87.02 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; \$29.12 from a Massachusetts friend; \$29.01 from Lend-a-Hand Society; \$25 from Mrs. L. D. M.; \$19.41 from Mrs. J. W.; \$18.46 from Erie County S. P. C. A., and \$18 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society.

January 9, 1917.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., } Resident

J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D. } Assistants

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } Visiting

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } Veterinarians

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. }

Treatment for sick or injured animals

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
Telephone, Brookline 6100

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Cases entered.....	243
Dogs.....	122
Cats.....	41
Horses.....	72
Birds.....	7
Unclassified.....	1
Operations.....	101

Free Dispensary

Cases.....	318
Dogs.....	197
Cats.....	111
Horses.....	9
Bird.....	1

Hospital cases since opening, March 1, 1915.....	4419
Free Dispensary cases.....	5783

Total.....	10,202
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"IT PAYS TO BE KIND"

ALWAYS having the interest of our faithful friends the horses at heart, and to save them from as much misery as possible on the icy streets, we printed in recent numbers of *Our Dumb Animals* this suggestion: "Order your fuel now." Those kind-hearted persons who followed our advice realize they furthered the humane cause. Those who did not are not only causing the animals to suffer, often slipping on the streets, but are paying more for their fuel—if they can get it at any price now in certain cities.

"It Pays to Be Kind," humanely and otherwise.

MAGIC WORDS

IN the *Boston Herald* recently was published this letter from P. H. Taylor of that city:—

A horse drawing a wagon belonging to the Manchester and Concord, N. H., Express refused to pull the load this noon on Devonshire street. The driver climbed down, pulled down the horse's head and whispered in its ear for several minutes, climbed back and off went horse, driver, wagon and all, as if nothing had happened. What did the driver say to the horse?

OLD Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur)—I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?

Chauffeur—I am sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service.

THE VACATION HOME FUND

Every reader of this magazine now probably knows what the Vacation Home stands for; why the Fund is necessary; why the "Be Kind to Animals" Gift Shop is playing its part and is headquarters for the work being done by the woman who gives her time, her home, her efforts, unceasingly, that every horse, able to get there, may recuperate, rest, and become well in the fields of clover and grass, which Home, we earnestly hope, will soon be a reality.

The Home will be a country dwelling-place for cats and dogs; there birds will have a sanctuary, and all other wildlings will find shelter.

Our Hospital is yet young; from the opening day, nevertheless, its great value in conserving animal life has been evident; the Home, as an auxiliary to the Hospital, is a crying need now, daily becomes more and more imperative, and is positively necessary to round out, to complete, the Hospital work.

To the many attractive articles always for sale at this unique Gift Shop there have been added

Baskets

made by the "Wild Men" of that far-away United States possession,—the Philippine Islands. They are of unusual weave, pattern, and design; are of great variety; are reasonable in price. Laces, luncheon sets, embroidered handkerchiefs, baby caps and other attractions, made in the convents, are now additional features from the Islands. Hereafter there will constantly be offerings from the Filipinos; these offerings are direct importations.

Sometimes friends cannot think of anything to give; give money,—it will always be most thoroughly appreciated; it helps the Fund wonderfully.

The Mile o' Dimes—don't forget it; every dime helps it grow, and grow it must, until the mile is won, for this will greatly increase the fund.

The Krinklet teacake cutter (\$1.25), the tiny inside Clothesline Reel (25 cents), may be had by mail.

All business connected with this part of the Society's work is in charge of Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 286 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Telephone, Brookline 6756-W.

KILLED WHILE HUNTING

A subscriber sends us the following for which he vouches:

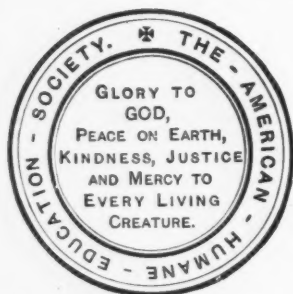
During the open season for deer in 1916 there were 86 hunters killed and 40 wounded in 15 states alone. Take the years since 1910, omitting 1912, the correct figures for which I failed to get, and we have 597 killed and 1058 wounded during these six years of short open seasons. During the season of 1915 two women were killed.

We can only imagine what the figures must be for all the States of the Union if they were known. Would not the poor animals, if they were like many human beings, find some consolation in these figures if they could know and comprehend them?

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Several friends have already availed themselves of this opportunity.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

P. O. Address, Back Bay Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

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Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
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HUMANE EDUCATION IN AURORA

THE work of humane education in Aurora, Illinois, is being carried on among the school children by enrolling them in the Band of Mercy. Each child is presented with a star emblematic of the order upon his acceptance of the pledge.

Outside of Aurora the movement is being carried forward in the schools of Montgomery and North Aurora. The Mooseheart authorities are also assisting in the work.

At the present time 3000 children have enrolled in the society, the signing of the pledge making them life members. Mrs. Bessie Groshan, humane officer, states that the children are among her most effective workers and that in a number of instances they have reported cruel practices to her.

HUMANE "OUTLINES" FOR TEACHERS

WE often are asked if we can suggest any publication for use in schools where the teaching of Humane Education is compulsory, or where it is desirable to supply teachers with suitable material. To all such we recommend the use of our eight-page pamphlet, *Outlines of Study in Humane Education*, which has been carefully compiled by Ida Kenniston for this purpose. It contains a page of general introduction, topic suggestions for first and second grades, relating to cats, dogs, pigeons, etc.; suggestions for third, fourth and fifth grades, relating to horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, etc.; and suggestions for sixth, seventh and eighth grades, relating to wild animals and birds. It also contains a few choice "memory gems," and a brief bibliography. It has been officially adopted as the text-book for use in both the public and parochial schools of Aurora, Illinois, where humane education is compulsory. A sample copy will be sent free to any teacher or school official applying for one to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The price, in quantities, is \$1.00 per hundred, postpaid.

WITH A FIELD WORKER

AS an illustration of the practical work of one of the field workers of the American Humane Education Society, we publish the following announcement, sent out by a committee representing the pastors of all the churches and principals of all the schools (colored) in Dallas, Texas:

HUMANE MEETING

"A call to public spirited citizens to assemble at New Hope Baptist Church, Tuesday afternoon, December 12, 1916, to listen to an address on 'Humane Education' by Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, 'apostle of mercy,' representative of American Humane Education Society, having its headquarters at Boston, Massachusetts. Dallas needs a Negro Humane Society to coöperate with the Dallas County Humane Society in taking care of cases among our people. Let us come together to organize. All pastors and their congregations are expected to be present. Special program for the teachers and pupils of the public schools. Members of the Dallas County Humane Society will be present and speak. Valuable literature will be distributed. Admission free."

GOOD WORK IN BRIDGEPORT

THE Animal Rescue League of Bridgeport, Connecticut, had a very successful year in 1916, according to the report given at its annual meeting in December. Many new members were received and honor cards of membership were given to the Boy Scouts. Tags bearing the words, "Blanket your horse," were given to careless drivers in cold weather. A letter was sent protesting against the law which permits the use of shot-guns by deer hunters. One thousand circulars were sent the entire length of Fairfield beach, asking cottagers to notify the League if they could not, or would not, take their animals with them and not leave them to starve and suffer. The League distributed considerable literature, and publishes an original poem by Mrs. Sarah Brereton. Three open meetings were held during the year, and a successful effort put forth to have Humane Sunday observed by the ministers. Mr. William E. Burnham is to head the organization during the ensuing year.

ALL SCHOOLS ORGANIZED

MRS. WALTER TURLE has visited every school in Duluth, Minnesota, reorganized existing Bands of Mercy and formed new ones in the fourth grade, thus having addressed about 12,000 children between September 1 and December 8, last. We know of no city where the teachers have coöperated more enthusiastically in this work, judging by the orders received for subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* and other supplies.

JUNIOR HUMANE WORK IN YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

IN this city, each school building which contains a branch of the Junior Humane organization is entitled to one Junior Humane director and one Junior Humane agent. It is the business of the agent to investigate cases of cruelty reported from his school district and if he finds the case authentic, to telephone his complaint to the main office. The work of the director is to represent his school at the regular monthly meeting of the Junior Humane directors, and to report at that meeting anything of interest which has taken place in that district, also to carry back to that school a report of the meeting.

The first meeting of these agents and directors was held in the office of the Youngstown Humane Society in November and was an exceedingly interesting one. After registration, there was a roll-call by schools, answered by reports from directors; and short talks from Mr. Frank L. Baldwin, secretary and counsel for the Youngstown Humane Society, and by Joseph Williams, children's agent.

Then followed a session of questions and answers. It was announced that one of the schools desired to start a fund to purchase or rent a Rest Farm for tired horses. The proposal was received with great enthusiasm and promises of help. It was decided to meet the second Saturday of each month and to have every other meeting take the form of a social gathering.

The second meeting was held in December, when a short speech was made by Mr. Mansell, animal agent, and Mrs. Henry Rowe described a winter bird table. Mrs. Rowe also agreed to donate \$25 to the "Rest Farm for Horses" fund. A social committee was appointed to prepare a program for the January meeting.

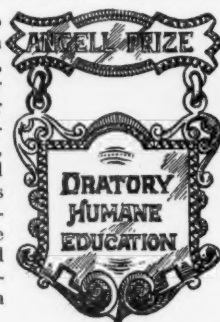
At these meetings, Mrs. T. H. Bulla, superintendent of humane education for the Youngstown Humane Society, presided.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE

A NEW edition of "Songs of Happy Life," with music, compiled by Sarah J. Eddy, has just been issued, which the American Humane Education Society, Boston, will supply at 40 cents per copy, in any quantity, postpaid.

ANGELL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere. We offer beautiful sterling silver medals at cost, \$1.75, by registered mail. This cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."



The Marvels of French Modern Surgery

By EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

WAR conducted by a chivalrous nation like France has its beautiful and beneficent side which is the silver lining to an otherwise grim, repulsive tale of carnage and mutilation. The horrible slaughter, the maiming of millions of belligerents, the finest men of the nations now facing each other in a life and death grip, would make us despair of the future of civilization. Happily there remains an undercurrent of sublime chivalry, a spirit of noble endeavor to render help to those sad victims of war's ravages. None have exercised their mental powers and their hearts' impulses as the devoted friends of humanity more than the members of the medical fraternity.

France, true to her great past, has risen to the height of the task of succoring the afflicted and the human wrecks in a manner which has brought her the admiration and affection of all, for not only does she help her own stricken sons, but those who today she deplores to find her foes.

We have read with keen interest in an American publication a letter from an American lady long resident in France, an account of the marvelous recoveries of those who have been the victims of "Fire Flame" attacks. She describes the result of a new method of treatment which she justly describes as "miraculous." From her account the terrible wounds and disfigurement are so treated as to leave no lasting trace of injury.

We have tried to obtain further details of this most important subject, but have failed, as no mention was made of the hospital where she witnessed the "miracle" cures, but consulting a London medico, he said, "Though having no knowledge of these cures, there is no reason to doubt the absolute truth of the statements made, as during the past twenty-eight months of war many marvelous cures by new methods have been made that before the war were not even imagined possible."

We can, however, give interesting details of the splendid results obtained at "The Palace of Miracles," as the "Grand Palais" of Paris is appropriately called.

The "Grand Palais" was formerly a center of Parisian elegance, the home of art. Here were held the spring salons and autumn exhibitions. Today this beautiful building is dedi-

cated to the efforts of the most distinguished surgeons of France and the most devoted women as nurses, to effect the "mending" and rendering useful again disabled soldiers left as human wrecks on the battle-field. The truly marvelous results of restoring these wrecks to the semblance of humanity and making them again self-respecting, useful citizens is the work undertaken at the "Grand Palais." The well-known specialist, Professor Cannes, has invented a machine which registers accurately physical deficiency; another registers the quality of the injured member so as to render it possible to start the required cure.

There is no space to explain the details of the scientific use of these instruments. Suffice it to say that the results attained approach the marvelous to the lay mind. Massage is largely used where limbs are apparently quite useless.

Thousands of cripples are being restored to active life, and work is at once found for them at good wages. Those who when treated cannot follow their old calling are taught new ones suitable to their conditions. Formerly these unhappy victims of the curse of war would have remained cripples for life, a burden to society and a misery to themselves. They are now restored to their country, happy and useful men.

An instance is given of a carpenter restored to health but with diminished strength. He has been successfully taught cabinet making.

The marvels of the "Grand Palais" redound to the honor of that splendid body of medical scientists of France.

Before concluding these brief and very imperfect details of what is being done for the stricken sons of France and the alien foe, we feel it a pleasurable duty to record the gratitude of every Frenchman for the noble munificence of America. Already over eighteen millions of dollars have been sent to the sister republic in her hour of need. American ambulances have received official recognition for their splendid organization. As messengers of mercy, Americans have earned the gratitude of the whole human race.

IT is not great deeds that make people's lives happy; it is the little kindnesses of daily life.

E. HADWIN

THE GRIP OF STEEL

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

THE snow lay deep within the woodland ways
Where little wildwood creatures roamed at will;
Fleet-footed, fearless, with no thought of ill
To mar their pleasure. Since God's hand had laid
This spotless mantle to protect and save
The flowers sleeping 'neath its whiteness, why
Need they fear o'er this blanket to disport
Their agile limbs? God made them free and wild.
Youth interposes and they find a snare
That holds them in a cruel grip of steel.
Freedom has led them into slavery's bonds,
Since that which shields them from the elements
Must e'en be sacrificed to boyish whim
To be a trapper for the love of sport.
And so across the erstwhile spotless snow
A bloody trail is made. Youth carries home
A lifeless body with a victor's pride.
All night, perchance, the suffering creature strove
In vain to free itself, gnawing its limb
In frantic effort to escape the snare.
Is there to youthful nature no appeal
Against the practice of this grip of steel?

CRUELITIES OF TRAPPING

FROM the Sentinel, Carlton, Oregon, we take this harrowing account of trapping, as it is carried on in that State — the same sad, pitiful story that we find everywhere across the continent:

Professional trapping in the mountains of Oregon is accompanied by many pitiful cruelties, according to A. C. Shelton, field worker in the department of zoology of the State University, who has visited many a line of traps in his travels in the Cascades and elsewhere, and in his own trapping for the University's dissecting work and museum.

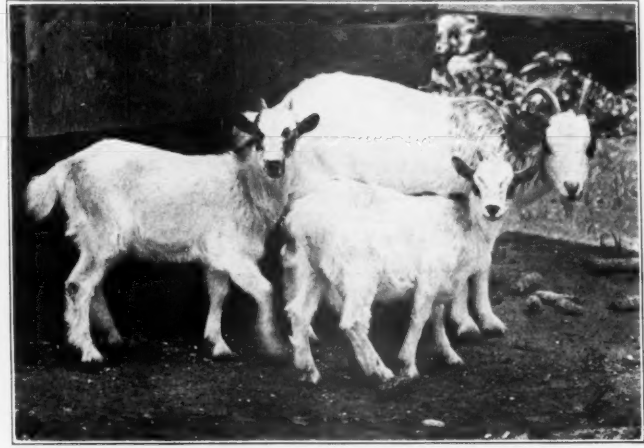
Pine squirrels, flying squirrels and rabbits frequently get caught in traps set for fur-bearing animals. The squirrels are usually eaten by foes before the trapper gets around. Mr. Shelton has found dead rabbits held to the traps merely by pieces of skin, showing how desperate had been their struggles to escape.

One Oregon trapper when he finds live skunks in the traps leaves them to starve rather than shoot them and take them out.

Mink and marten often cut themselves loose by gnawing off their legs. On the south fork of the Mackenzie river Mr. Shelton found a coyote's leg, eaten off just below the shoulder,



TRIPLETS WITH THEIR GOAT



DOE AND TWO TWIN KIDS

Courtesy of The Shepherd's Journal

in a trap. Three weeks later the same animal was found in another trap, caught by its other front leg.

A wildcat in a "toggle" trap has to stay until its captor makes leisurely arrival. The "toggle" is set in a pen. A fir limb with part of the branches cut is fastened to the trap, and as the animal tries to crawl away the branches get fast and hold it.

The interval between visits to traps is anywhere from two days to two weeks.

The spring-pole trap makes death a little easier. A sapling is bent down and fastened lightly over a log. The captured animal is swung into the air when the fastening breaks and then cannot bite itself free. Death comes more quickly than on the ground.

"So long as trapping is permitted, there probably will be no remedy for the cruelty of it," said Mr. Shelton. "Whenever possible I use the drowning method, but often the habits of the animal require the spring-pole or ground-trap plan."

HOW THE FLEDGLING LEARNED TO FLY

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

*A FLEDGLING blown from out a tree,
Upon the chill wet roadside lay—*

*A soft brown ball,
Quite frail and small,
With hardly any strength at all
To spread its wings and fly away.*

*A big man passing saw it there—
That little bird half dead with fright,
Which cocked its eye
In manner shy,
And tried so very hard to fly:
But vain were all attempts at flight.*

*So then the giant—such he seemed—
Raised that wee birdling in his hand,
Whose wild distress
'Neath his caress
Was soothed to peace and trustfulness:
It seemed his love to understand.*

*"O little bird," the big man said,
"Now you are warm and strong again,
Just try your wings,
For though frail things,
They'll stronger grow with journeyings!"
But that scared waif chirped "No!" quite plain.*

*At that, the wise and friendly man
Just tossed the fledgling far and high,
Whereat it flew
Without ado
In one straight line across the blue—
And that is how it learned to fly!*

KINDNESS TO BIRDS

BY SAM C. BURWELL

WHEN I homesteaded in Arkansas, I built a log cabin and moved in before I had completely finished it. After we got fairly settled, two little birds came through a crack and built their nest behind a stand. We never disturbed them; they got quite tame and raised their young without any trouble. Kindness to all living creatures is the best rule in life.

WHEN a man does a noble act, date him from that, forget his faults, let his noble act be the standpoint from which you regard him. There is much that is good in the worst of men.

DR. BELLOWS

BIRDS OF QUEER TRAITS

BY H. E. ZIMMERMAN

OF course everybody has heard of the cuckoo—the original of the little wooden bird which sticks its head out of Swiss clocks and calls "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" as the hour comes round. Nearly everybody, too, has heard of its curious habit of laying its eggs in other birds' nests, where they are hatched out in due time and at once proceed to shove their foster-brothers and sisters out of the nest, and then grow fat on the provender gathered for the entire nestful. In this country, however, no one has ever seen this done, for the simple reason that the American cuckoo has not learned this splendid scheme of making other people discharge his family duties for him, that practice being an exclusive privilege of his European brother. The nest in



NEST OCCUPIED BY ENGLISH CUCKOO

the illustration was brought all the way from England. While the American cuckoos do not confide the care of their offspring entirely to strangers, they do (as a good many humans do) make the eldest of their flock play nurse to the younger ones. The hen cuckoo lays her eggs a week or more apart; as soon as the first is hatched, the parent birds begin to feed it most assiduously. Before the second egg is hatched, as it is a week later, the first birdling is almost large enough to cover the remaining eggs and aid in keeping them warm and hatching them. Each youngster is expected to help to mother the next comer until the nest is full. Then the oldest is coolly shoved out by the parents, and told to shift for himself. Thus, instead of spending hours upon the nest, Mrs. Cuckoo is able to be off with her friends. The whole cuckoo tribe seem to possess queer traits. In South America there is another species which differs both from the European and the North American in everything except its desire to shirk as much of its duties as may be possible. This species manages this by adopting a community plan of raising its offspring. Instead of each pair building a nest, one is built by three or four pairs working together. Nests have been found with as many as twenty eggs in them, on which no less than five hen-birds took turns in sitting.

Ask your friends now to subscribe to "Our Dumb Animals," and so help extend the mission of kindness to all.

"JACK"

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

ONE morning my friend and I were walking along the rough path that is the highway in the little Newfoundland outport of Channel, when looking over a rodged fence we saw a very fine large sea-gull standing on a rock. He was such an unusually large, fat, handsome bird that we both exclaimed at once. We stood very still, fearing to frighten him away. There he stood looking at us not in the least afraid, so after awhile we drew nearer and leaned over the fence.

We spoke to him and he came toward us. Then a small boy came up and leaned over the fence with us and told us about the bird. He said he was caught when a young bird eight years ago and tamed by one of the fishermen. The fisherman named his pet "Jack" and treated him so well that Jack began to show great love and affection for his master whom he followed like a dog. Jack has the run of the town; he goes for a swim in the ocean whenever he feels like it and fishes for himself among the rocks and islands. Sometimes he takes it in his head to wander away and is often seen in the neighborhood of the steamer's pier at Port aux Basques.

Our acquaintance gave him some bread, it being the noon hour and lunch time for the school-boy, but Jack picked it up casually and threw it down scornfully; evidently he had dined already on a nice fat herring. He has a voracious appetite and when he seizes a herring by the head in his powerful beak there is little chance of escape for the fish. When my friend slipped into the field and made an unsuccessful attempt to take Jack's picture he pecked viciously at the camera and, watching the lady draw back, he lifted up his head high in air, pulled out his throat and sent out the most raucous screams, as much as to say, "It would be dangerous for you to try to get me to do anything I didn't wish." When he had finished this performance he suddenly shot down his neck and seized a shaving of wood in his beak; then he dropped the wood in the same disdainful way that he had the bread.

This trick he repeated again and again with precisely the same muscular movements as he uses to catch herring. It was a comical sight. Between each spear he took one or two steps. It was while lifting his feet high as he stepped that we obtained a good view of his webbed feet, which were very clean and white from much soaking in sea water.

After a time we had to go on, but we were very loath to leave Jack without seeing more of him. We have had many opportunities in our travels around the bird-rocks of Bonaventure and the cliffs of the Great Bird Rocks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to see a great many sea birds,—gannets, kittiwakes, sea-puffins, cormorants, etc.,—but we have never seen a sleeker or more intelligent and interesting sea-bird than Jack.

A MAN of an inquiring turn of mind thrust his finger into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had.

The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

MADAM," said the tramp, "I was once a member of the legislature."

"And are you sure," she said, inclined to believe him, "that your reformation is complete?"

THESE women noted with deepest interest the various stages in the evolution of Chippie. Among the many, especially these: The marvelous achievement of the little legs and feet, so tiny, to stand, to hop, to clutch the roost, — a cage had been borrowed for her ladyship; but she was not kept captive all the time. How little we commonly appreciate what an accomplishment walking is in any animal. How complicated the machinery; how wonderful the poise; how narrow the margin between failure and success, — between falling and keeping one's balance!

Then feebly the little wings were spread and flight was attempted; the *bird* now came to its own and the cage was resented. No longer merely to sit, or hop, or stay put, but, having found its wings, to assert its freedom. And when liberty was permitted, the mournful crying largely ceased. And then when Chippie was happy, the listening women heard the soft "cluck" of satisfaction, over special attention or luscious morsel of cherry, melon or seed, never heard by the great outside world; just "the unknown tongue" for sparrow ears. And there were, in time, other voices, impossible fully to represent by our letters.

But more wonderful still the morning toilet. Chippendale had Martha bring the cage into her bedroom at break of day: birds are early risers. First the eagerly eaten breakfast. Then the stretching of wings and legs, — not once but several times: curious bird gymnastics. The shaking out of the feathers of the whole body. Later, the little wings violently turned round and round, made to fly like windmills in a high gale. After that, the feathers brushed off and smoothed out. Quite an elaborate affair, and tiresome to the young life. A second breakfast and then a rest.

Very soon the day came when her ladyship, while not refusing to be fed, began to pick up its own food if left within reach: she (more than merely *it* now!) long continued to beg for food and attention by fluttering the wings, as baby sparrows may be seen to act toward their parents in the great outdoors. It was interesting to watch her standing on the side of a saucer and eating the moistened shredded wheat. When Chippie began to drink was uncertain. A dish of water was early provided, but more than a month passed before she was caught in the act of imbibing in public. Perhaps over modest at this point!

Chippendale early began to worry about her bath, being a scrupulous housekeeper. She felt sure that disease would follow and then death to her pet, if not kept very clean. But how to go about it? However, the attempt must be made. She filled the bath-room wash-bowl with tepid water, and, taking the baby softly in her hand (no easy task), she put her partly under the water and poured some on back and neck and breast. It was a curious sight. Evidently the bird did not like the bath: no more than a boy to have his ears washed. When put back into the cage, what a sorry sight! — so forlorn and draggled! Too wet to fly. Then the good woman, fearing that her pet would catch cold, wrapped the wee thing in flannel and held it in her hand for a long time. A curious sight, indeed! This despoiler of sparrows spending an hour holding one in her hand. Chippie was evidently very comfortable, enjoying the warmth. But when she felt herself dry, there was vigorous protest and out of the loosened hand she flew joyously.

Chippie and Chippendale

A STORY IN TWO PARTS
BY JOSEPH H. CROOKER

PART II

Both women agreed that this was not an experiment to be repeated. But Martha reminded her mistress that she had often seen sparrows wallowing in the roadside dust. Then a dish of fine sand was put on one side of the cage with a dish of water opposite. "We'll give the youngster a chance to do something for herself," said Chippendale. It was not long before the wisdom of this policy was demonstrated. What a sand-bath her ladyship did take and what a shower of dust the wings and legs did make. A frolic indeed. Soon after, a bath in water was evident, as it was found spilled and splashed all about the dish: but this was a private affair.

Chippie was a very sociable creature and most fond of play: after a few mouthfuls rather play than eat. She liked to fly with straws and pull at strings, with never a particle of fear. She would jump on the head and pull at the women's curls; ride around the house joyously on their shoulders, pulling at ribbons and pecking at bright buttons; running up and down sleeves and playing hide and seek in folds and corners of garments; evidently very affectionate and enjoyed being petted, — but according to her own notions. Most of all she seemed to enjoy a good fight; picking quite vigorously at finger tips, jumping here and there with marvelous rapidity to reach them, as a puppy jumps at a stick held by a boy. She seemed to anticipate and enjoy these playtimes as much as the children their sports on the green. And the women had as much amusement in this way as the bird. Much that seems like fierce fighting among sparrows is evidently only sport.

When protest against the cage became constant and resolute, the serious question arose: What shall now be done? After considerable debate, Martha exclaimed: "The attic is just the place, Auntie, for Chippie." Of course. And there, her ladyship was installed, — if that is the proper word: mistress of all she surveyed: large windows (screened) for light and air; opportunity for long flights, for varied experiences, for endless play, for a look into swaying tree-tops, chance to hear her kindred

calling to the wild: at thought of this, there was a bit of a pang in the breast of Chippendale. When two months had passed, two women called especially to see the pet sparrow, of which rumor had been busy with all sorts of stories. Chippie

came down on the shoulder of Martha who, for her own protection and the enjoyment of the bird had put on a sack with polka-dots: she took great delight in trying to pull out the dark spots in the cloth. Without any fear her ladyship flew about the room and lighted on the hat of one of the callers, to her surprise and no little anxiety. Then Chippendale took her and put her through her paces: a frolic in her abundant gray hair; a fierce battle with her fingers; a pulling at the green ribbon round her neck, — green seemed her favorite color but red frightened her, — creeping up her open sleeve to hide; squeezing in under her arm to be out of sight and then "chip," like a child at play. As the visitors left, after having been very much amused, and when well into the street, one said to the other: "A strange experience, indeed, but did you notice how madam has changed? Her face is surely softer and sweeter." And her companion replied: "Yes, I was glad to see the transformation. Wonderful, isn't it? The redemption of Chippendale by a chipping sparrow!"

Late in the summer, Chippie had had her supper and a good-night frolic and the house had been lighted. Martha said to her mistress: "Auntie, after all don't you think that we are really cruel to Chippie?" Auntie was evidently startled and troubled. "Cruel, what do you mean?" "Why Auntie, it is this way: We are keeping her from being a real sparrow. She is our pet and she has many comforts. But she ought to be out with other sparrows and live her own life. She ought to marry, build a nest, and have little chippies of her own. I think that it is very selfish of us." This was a new point of view for Auntie and it must be carefully considered. After a little silence, she replied in a serious voice: "Let us think about it over night and in the morning we will decide what to do." But a shadow had fallen on the evening. And just before going to bed, somewhat earlier than usual, the Mistress said to her maid: "If we do give her up, life will never be just the same. I shall have to have something to take her place. I have disliked boys as I hated sparrows, but I wonder if I could find a forlorn boy in the neighborhood that I could befriend?"

When morning came, it was evident that Chippendale had had a struggle during the night. After a silent breakfast she said: "You are right, Martha. It is selfish in us to keep the dear little thing any longer. But how I shall miss her!" Then later: "I will tell you what to do. I will go up and have a farewell frolic with Chippie. It will be hard. And who would have thought it: only a common sparrow! Then, without telling me just when, you put her tenderly in a little covered basket; carry her over into the corner of the park where we often see sparrows and let her go. There are lots of ripe seeds over there and no cats."

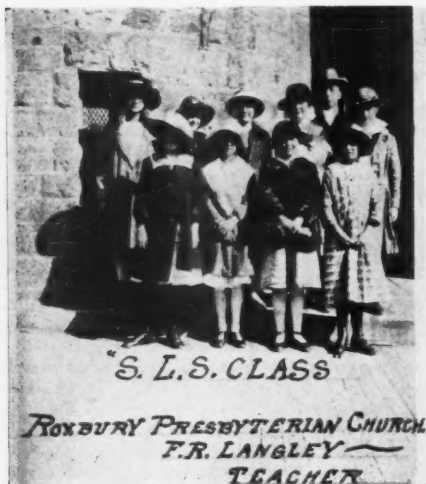
Toward noon the mistress heard the front door gently close. She knew what it meant. Her pet was going out into the wide, strange world. Who could tell what future waited her there? Then she softly repeated to herself: "Not one of them is forgotten before God." After a little silence she rose and went to work, wiping away a tear and murmuring to herself, "It is better so, but how much I have learned!"

(The end)



Photograph from Audubon Society

CHIPPING SPARROWS



WHICH HAS CONTRIBUTED TO OUR
WORK FOR SUFFERING ANIMALS

MISTAKES ABOUT SPIDERS

IT is said that once upon a time Sir William Jones was receiving a visit from Mr. Day, a man of some note at that time. During a conversation Sir William moved a book from its place, and a large spider dropped to the ground.

"Kill that spider, Day! kill that spider!" cried the great scholar.

"No," said Mr. Day, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I don't know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, now, that you were going down to Westminster Hall in your carriage and some superior being, who might have as much power over you as you have over this spider, should call out: 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more dreadful creature than a spider."

Nature students who have made a study of the spider give him a good name. He is a fine architect and mechanic. He builds houses and bridges on most scientific principles. It is, in fact, quite hard to prove anything against him except his appearance and a few cobwebs.

R. A. DAGUE

It takes the spider three quarters of an hour to make a web measuring half a yard across, and the strength of the silk is really something wonderful, for, size for size, the web is tougher than a bar of steel.

— *The Little Animals' Friend*

EACH month there comes to this office a paper in which we find very much of deep interest. It is *Our Dumb Animals*, a Boston publication devoted to inculcating in youthful and adult minds the principle of love for animal life and of humanity in the care and treatment of animals and birds. Occasionally have we used clippings from the paper, always feeling that some local good was thus accomplished. Henceforth the paper, which is a handsomely printed publication loaded from cover to cover with good things, is going, when we've done with it, to the city's grade school. This to the end that the good it does may be much more far-reaching. Some friend of the animals who has the means might do great community service by arranging that a copy of this paper should go each month into every school room in this vicinity.

— *Bayfield (Wisconsin) Progress*

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT } State Organizers
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and four new Bands of Mercy were reported in December, of which 192 were in schools of Massachusetts; 63 in schools of Ohio; 59 in schools of South Carolina; 45 in schools of Virginia; 38 in schools of Nebraska; 20 in schools of Rhode Island; 15 each in schools of North Carolina and Texas; 12 in schools of Pennsylvania; 11 in schools of Georgia; nine in schools of Connecticut; six in schools of Minnesota; five in schools of Maryland; four in schools of Louisiana; three in Kansas; two in Jamaica, British West Indies; and one each in Kentucky, Missouri, South Dakota, Wyoming and Washington. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Everett: Edward Everett Hale, 12; Albert N. Parlin, 15; Webster, 10; Mt. Washington, 8; George G. Hamilton, 9; Lafayette, 10.
Holyoke: West St., 16; Lawrence, 11; South Chestnut St., 9; Elm St., 14; William Whiting, 11; East Dwight, 5; Morgan, 16; Hamilton St., 11; Sargeant St., 7; Ingleside, 3; Holy Rosary, 8; Springdale, 8; Lovering Park St., 8.

Schools in Connecticut

Glastonbury: Glastonbury.
Thompsonville: St. Joseph's, 8.

Schools in Rhode Island

Providence: Courtland St., 9; Greeley St., 11.

Bands in Pennsylvania

Chambersburg: Public Schools, 10.
Monongahela: Monongahela.
Wind Ridge: Wind Ridge.

Poolesville, Maryland: High School, 5.

Schools in Virginia

Leesburg: High, 7.
Purcellville: Public, 5.
Richmond: Navy Hill, 14; Buchanan, 5; George Mason, 11; Moore, 3.

Schools in North Carolina

Asheville: Orange St., 5; Grace, 2.
Hendersonville: Public, 8.

Schools in South Carolina

Columbia: Olympia, 11; Olympia Mill, 10; Rose Hill, 3; Heathwood, 5; Hyatts Park, 10; Logan, 20.

Schools in Georgia

Ellijay: Ellijay.
Savannah: Maple St., 10.

Houston, Kentucky: Houston.

Schools in Ohio

Alliance: Union Grove.
Homeworth: Prospect Hill; Public, 2.
Lisbon: Chestnut St., 8; Market St., 5.
Louisville: McKinley, 2.
Marysville: Ginger Hill.
Massillon: Lincoln, 5.
Salem: Salvation Army S. S.
Sebring: South Side, 2; Ohio Ave., 4; McKinley.
Wellsville: Immaculate Conception, 2.
Youngstown: Market St., 16; Kyles Corner, 2; Caldwell St., 4; Fairmont, 2; Hubbard Rd., 2; Elm St., 2.

Schools in Minnesota

Duluth: Merritt, 4; Oneota; Washington.
Clarksville, Missouri: Animal Protective Club.
New Orleans, Louisiana: Laurel School, 4.



"TEDDY," A GREAT FAVORITE IN LOWELL,
MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE HE IS OWNED
BY MISS BELLE SHEDD

THE CAPTIVE OWL

BY EVA E. BIGNELL

Oh, bird with such a solemn mien,
And wide, far-seeing eyes,
Who imprisoned you behind these bars,
Far from your native skies?
Who-who, who-who, came mournfully
From the wire cage 'neath the maple tree.

Where is the home you loved and lost,
The place where kindred dwell;
Who snatched you rudely from them all —
Unhappy bird, pray tell?
Who-who, who-who, came mournfully
From the wire cage 'neath the maple tree.

Your plumage mingles with the dust;
Once snowy, now so gray;
When breaking heart is still at last
Whose tears will wash the grime away?
Who-who, who-who, came mournfully
From the wire cage 'neath the maple tree.

Oh, captive owl, so drear and sad,
Your sorrow all may know;
But who will dare to open wide
The door, and let you go?
Who-who, who-who, came mournfully
From the wire cage 'neath the maple tree.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE

1. Grackles (K S, LACE, G R).
2. Nightingale (G, NAIL, G N, TIE, H).
3. Woodpecker (D K, ROPE, COW, E).

Schools in Texas

Dallas: Sisters' Institute; Bethel A. M. E.
Fort Worth: High, 12.
Grand Prairie: Freetown.

Beloit, Kansas: Industrial School; Public School.
Richmond, Kansas: Cunningham.

Schools in Nebraska

Omaha: Castelar, 2; Walnut Hill, 2; Windsor, 2; Webster, 2; Edward Rosewater, 2; Central Park; Franklin, 2; Monmouth Park, 2; Vinton; Clifton Hill, 2; Long, 4; Lake, 3; Saratoga, 3; Cass; Saunders, 2; Central, 2; Farnam; Miller Park, 2; Train, 2.

Brookings, South Dakota: Brookings.

Alta, Wyoming: Liberators.

North Yakima, Washington: Boys' Humane Club of North Yakima, Chap. 1.

Newport, Jamaica, B. W. I.: Campbell's Castle; Lancaster.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 104,780

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE SQUIRREL

BY CONSTANCE NAAR



TELL me, cunning little squirrel, why you always chase around,
Up one tree and down another, scarcely resting on the ground?

'Spose you're going to a party — looks as if you'd curled your
tail,
And your big black eyes are shining as you scamper on your trail.

Stop a minute, little Frisky, don't you know your fur looks fine?
What you say? You'll miss your dinner? Come to me — I'll
give you mine.

LET PUPPY CHEW YOUR SLIPPERS

STORIES are told of how a dog will find his master when
all human means have failed. They nose their masters
out by their scent. That is why you should let your dog
chew a pair of old slippers you have been wearing. He will get
to know the scent of your shoe, and find his way home if he
gets lost, or find you if you get lost.

You should preferably let him get the scent of your shoe to
any other part, for the worn leather has a peculiar odor.

When an escaped convict is tracked by bloodhounds, they
invariably are given the shoe as a clue, and the dogs seldom
fail to track their quarry down.

So next time you see your dog gnawing your boots, you
won't be quite so annoyed.

SHARE YOUR PLEASURES WITH YOUR DOG

THE greatest happiness which a dog can know is to be the
friend and playfellow of some master or mistress who is
young and frolicsome enough to enjoy the fun as much as he
does himself. How ungrateful and unkind it would be to shut
him out from a share in our own pleasant walks or outdoor
amusements! Some people are hard-hearted enough to go out
and leave their poor dog chained up at home, others force the
unhappy creature to run over hard roads, after bicycles, panting,
footsore, and ready to drop. I should not like to be one of
those cruel people. Whether we keep a dog or cat or both,
of course, we must see that they have good food given to them
regularly and that they have plenty of fresh water at hand.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

BY JOE GARZA, *Johnson School, San Antonio, Texas*

ONCE I was walking through a park when I saw a frog.
I picked up a rock and was about to let it drop on the poor
animal when somebody called me. I turned around, but
seeing nobody I ran home and asked Mamma if she had called
me. She said, "No."

After a while I told about what had happened to the frog.
Mamma said, "That was your conscience telling you not to kill
the poor animal."

BEWARE THE STEEL TRAP

WE hope all the children who read this page will have
nothing to do with the cruel steel trap. Boys and girls
who live where trapping is carried on should try to discourage
their big brothers and fathers from killing or injuring innocent
animals by the use of this wicked device.

In the *Times* of Carroll, Iowa, we have just read this instance
of how one little girl got caught in a trap, and how she was
helped by her little dog:—

Edith Davis met with quite an accident at the home of her
father, Jess Davis. She was playing with her little dog and
when they came to a culvert the little dog got in a steel trap and
Edith in helping her pet out, got her right hand in the trap which
held her fast. The little dog went to the house and made such
a racket that her mother, thinking something was the matter,
hurried to where the dog kept running, and found her little
girl caught in the trap. She tried to unfasten the trap but was
unable to do so. She then hurried her about a quarter of a
mile to where her father was, who unfastened the trap and found
Edith's thumb cut clear open and her finger smashed. We
hope that nothing more serious will result. Moral: Always
be kind to your pets and they will always return the good deed.



A FEATURE IN THE BLUE CROSS PARADE, "BE KIND TO
ANIMALS" WEEK, PORTLAND, MAINE

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

FAMOUS FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS, G. C. Harvey

It is a beautiful fact that so many of the great and honored men and women of history have been proud of the love of a horse or dog. Gladstone, it is said, was more pleased by the devotion of his little Pomeranian, "Petz," than by all the honors that the English people bestowed upon him. Sir Walter Scott's passionate love for animals is one of the most strikingly marked traits of his character and "Camp" and "Maida," two favorite dogs, must be with him in his study, at his hearthstone, or when he walked afield.

And there are scores of other equally famous four-footed friends and heroes who have shared honors and won lasting distinction along with their masters. This entertaining volume tells the story of some twenty or more of these noted historic animal characters. There is Bucephalus, that fiery steed that only Alexander the Great could mount; Marengo, the noble charger who bore Napoleon through all his great campaigns; Copenhagen, whom Wellington rode the entire day at Waterloo; Traveller and Cincinnati, who carried Lee and Grant safely through so many battles of the Civil War, and Comanche, General Custer's horse, sole survivor of that bloody conflict on the Little Big Horn.

And among the famous dogs there is Barry of St. Bernard; Lord Byron's "Boatswain"; Grey Friar's Bobby, greatest example of tireless canine devotion; Caesar, beloved pet terrier of King Edward VII, chief and saddest mourner at the funeral of his royal master, and finally Fend l'Air, hero of the trenches, who only a few months ago dug out his wounded comrade, buried beneath a great mound of earth and stones that an exploding shell had piled upon him.

General Lee once declared that many a war-horse was more entitled to immortality than the man who rode him, and yet another has said that many a deed of heroism has been done by dogs which would, if done by men, have been honored by the Order of the Victoria Cross. Such are the four-footed friends of man who have loved and served him and helped him win an enduring fame. Not to know about them is to miss some of the important and interesting chapters of history.

W.M.M.
180 pp. \$1.50 net. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York.

MY PETS, Marshall Saunders.

Like that exceedingly popular autobiography of a dog, "Beautiful Joe," this book describes animal life in a way to fascinate and charm the children; and the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who have come under the spell of Beautiful Joe's recital will enjoy reading about the pets of the author of that "beautiful tale of an ugly dog."

There is a wealth of very unusual incidents in animal life. Such intelligence is shown by these little people in feathers and fur that it is difficult to think that animals do not reason.

In addition to the suggestions for the care of animals, there is in the back of the volume a section of blank pages, headed "A Record of My Pets." On these pages the owner of the book can record the name, variety, and all facts in regard to pet animals.

283 pp. \$1.25. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

"I BELIEVE," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing."

"Didn't know you cared for fishing."

"I don't, ordinarily; but it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."

— Washington Star

PORTER (knocking on door)—It's nine o'clock, sir!

Voice of irate gentleman within—Why didn't you tell me before?

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR DECEMBER, 1916

Bequest of \$500 from Abigail W. Howe of Cambridge; \$7507.90 from the Leland Fairbanks Estate.

Members and Donors

Mrs. E. R. T., \$100 for free horse stall "in memory of E. R. T."; Mrs. A. de C., \$100; Mrs. M. T. R., \$100; A. R. H., \$100; Miss H. R. H., \$50; J. F. M., \$50; Mrs. J. H. S., \$35 for relief of horses; M. T., \$35 for dog kennel "in memory of Mrs. A. C. T."; H. D. W., \$25; G. W. T., \$25 for relief of horses; Mrs. J. de F. D., \$10; Mrs. C. P. D., \$6; E. E., \$4; Mrs. H. W. B., \$3.75; C. H. S., \$3; H. G. S., \$3; Miss K. L. B., \$3; Miss L. B. K., \$3; L. M. C., \$3; M. J. S., \$3; Dr. W. C. F., \$2.50; P. P. Co., \$1.50; and for the Angell Memorial Hospital, sundry donations, \$43.60; E. T. P., \$8; and for summer work and horses' vacation, Mrs. D. B. K., \$50; Dr. W. C. F., \$2.50.

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TWO DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. T. H. L., Mrs. C. H. J., Mrs. E. B. J., Miss M. N., J. F. M., B. of M. 85090, S. friend, Miss S. H. H., Mrs. G. B. E., A. H. B., L. B. L., Mrs. D. F. S., Mr. and Mrs. H. W., Miss A. B., C. T. M., Miss E. F. W., C. L. N., Mrs. M. L. U., Mrs. G. W. T., B. T. T., M. M., Mrs. T. C., Mrs. H. P., Mrs. H. P. W., Mrs. H. R. F., Mrs. M. A. H. and others, G. E. F. Jr., V. K. F., J. A. G., and for summer work and horses' vacation, B. of M. 85090.

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From friends, for horses' Christmas Tree, \$315.10.
Interest, sundries, etc., \$423.72. Total, \$10,020.57.
The American Humane Education Society, \$750.

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All others, \$23.20. Total, \$529.66.
Sales of publications, ambulance, etc., \$484.25.

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WELCOME WORDS

UNDER the title, "Suggestion for Christmas," the *Press of Northfield*, Massachusetts, recently published this editorial:—

Among the magazines which should go into every home is the well known monthly publication of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, *Our Dumb Animals*. It is not the practice of this paper to make editorial mention of the desirability of subscribing to this and that magazine. The place for that sort of talk, ordinarily, is in our advertising columns. Money cannot secure the mention of any person or any product in the editorial department of this paper. But a good cause can easily do so. The cause represented by *Our Dumb Animals* is an excellent one and we are glad to remind our readers of the existence of this magazine. Incidentally, *Our Dumb Animals* is a cracker-jack little periodical and contains much of interest to animal lovers. It is well printed and illustrated. A year's subscription would make a desirable Christmas gift.

BOY DIES TO SAVE HIS DOG

ONE of the most pathetic incidents that ever came to our attention was that of the lad in Methuen, Massachusetts, who last month gave his life in the hope that his pet dog might be spared from being poisoned after having been suspected of being a carrier of typhoid germs. The sad facts, which we have verified by unquestionable local authorities, are as follows:—

Charles Ward, fourteen-year-old adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Ward, was found dead at home a few hours after he had left his foster father's store in Lawrence. A note left by him read: "Don't kill big puppy. I died in his place." The boy is believed to have taken the poison which he had been told to give to the dog. Mrs. Ward was ill in the hospital with typhoid fever and it was suspected that the family's pet dogs might have been the source of the typhoid germs. The boy was adopted by the Wards nine years ago.

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